

the air interlaced with the branched tree  
reveals to our open throat  
calling now calling  
the round yellow sun  
caught fat in our loom

and we are busy turning  
the only universe

and the sun like a fat buck  
grown shy in his trap  
licks the salt we give him  
and in his throat we set  
the mind of our world on fire

and the sun will only set when we have swallowed it.

5/24/68

I woke with my mouth full of flowers

beside you.

we were moved  
to the planting  
rolling

in the coil  
of our garden,  
our field, green-growing, making  
green

grow a burst  
of color, petals in the  
groin, in the hair.

I wake with my mouth full of flowers,

hurry the scent  
scent  
in our garden  
of growing

(blood will link us)  
between our bellies  
hurry our growing  
blood will  
new color (green will link us)

I will wake with my mouth full of flowers  
no empty skull in the loam.

4/2/68

-- Susan Fantl

Flushing, New York